

S. S. & P.

157

The Olde Time Songs



H. J. SMITH

... With Compliments of ...

R. C. BURNS

H. JUDSON SMITH & CO.

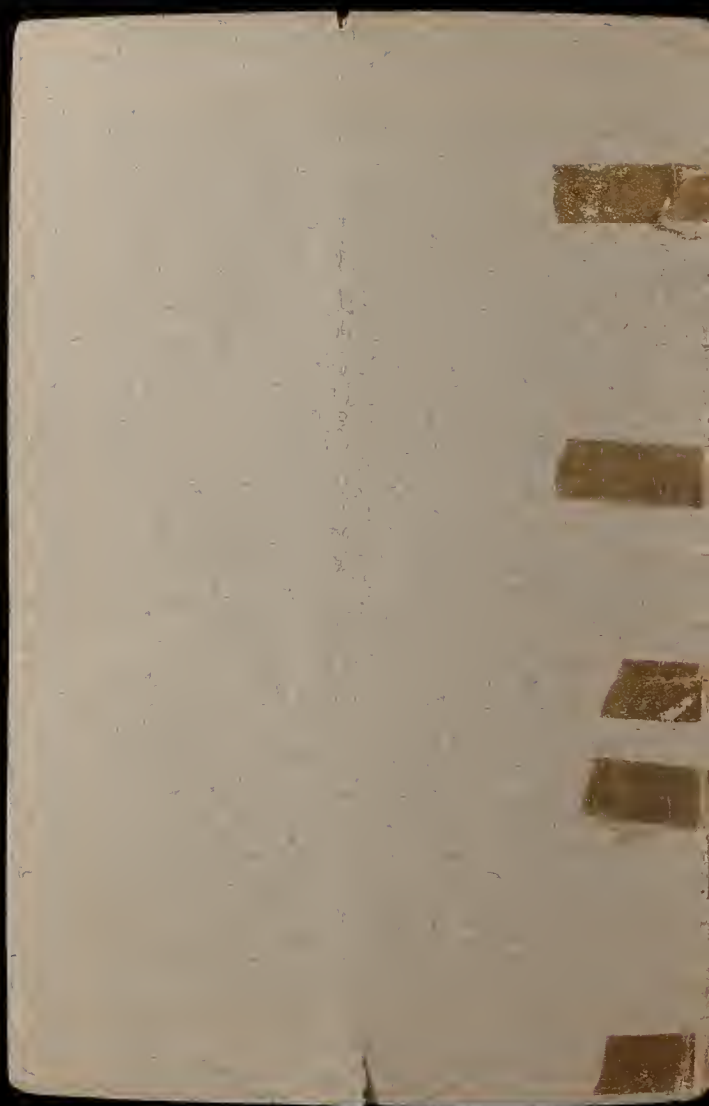
Heintzman & Co. Pianos

Weber Pianos & Sherlock-Manning Pianos

Edison Phonographs

112 COLBORNE ST. BRANTFORD

Sheet Music a Specialty



Ye Olde Songs

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Annie Laurie

Lady JOEN SCOTT

Tenderly


1. Max-wel-ton's brass are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that
 2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like the awan, Her face it
 3. Like dew on th'gow-an ly-ing is th' fa'o' her fair-y feet, And like winds in

And An-nie Lan-rie Gave me her prom-ise true. Gave me her prom-ise true, Which
 is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on That e'er the sun shone on, And
 sum-mer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And she's

ne'er for-got will be, And for bon-nie An-nie Lan-rie I'd lay me down and dee.
 dark blue is her o'e, And for bon-nie An-nie Lan-rie I'd lay me down and dee.
 a' the world to me, And for bon-nie An-nie Lan-rie I'd lay me down and dee.

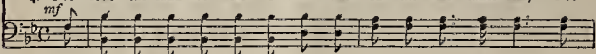
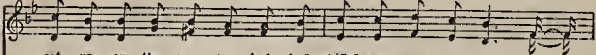
My Last Cigar

mf

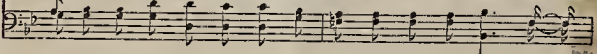
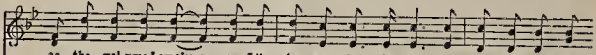


1. 'Twas off the blue Ce - na - ry Isles, A glo - rious sun - mer day, I
 2. I leaned up - on the quar - ter - rail, And looked down in the sea, E'en
 3. I watched the ash - es as it came Fast draw - ing to the end; I
 4. I've seen the land of all I love Fade in the dis - tance dim, I've

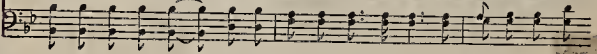
mf

set up - on the quar - ter - deck, And whiffed my cares a - way; And
 there the pur - ple wreath of smoke Was curl - ing grace - ful - ly. O,
 watched it as a friend would watch Be - side a day - ing friend; But
 watched a - bove the blight - ed heart, Where once proud hope had been; But I've

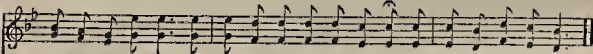
as the vol - umed smoke a - rose, Like in - cense in the air, I breath'd a sigh to
 what had I at such a time, To do with wast - ing care? A - last the trem - bling
 still the flame crept slow - ly on, It van - ished in - to air, I threw it from me,
 nev - er known e - ver - row That could with that com - pare, When off the blue Ca -



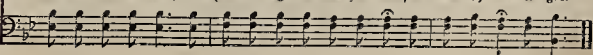
f REFRAIN.



think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar. It was my last ci - gar, It
 tear pre - claimed it was my last ci - gar.
 spare the tale, It was my last ci - gar.
 na - ry Isles, I smoked my last ci - gar.

was my last ci - gar; I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar.



THE DEAREST SPOT.

7

1. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home, The fair - y land I've
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've learned to look with

D. C. — The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The fair - y land I've
Fine.

longed to see Is home, sweet home; There how charmed the sense of hearing, There where hearts are
lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home; There where vows are tru - ly plight-ed, There where hearts are

longed to see Is home, sweet home.

so en - dear - ing; All the world is not so cheer-ing As home, sweet home.
so u - ni - ted; All the world be - sides I've elight-ed For home, sweet home.

D. C.

JUANITA.

Spanish Melody.

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,
2. When in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day-light beam-ing,

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh?

Wear-y looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well, Ni - tal Jua - ni - tal
In thy heart con - sents - ing To a prayer gone by? Ni - tal Jua - ni - tal

In the Gloaming

META ORRED
Andante

ANNIE FORTESCUE HARRISON

1. In the gloam-ing O my dar-ling! when the lights are dim and low—
2. In the gloam-ing O my dar-ling! thick mist hit-ter-ly of me!

rall.
And the qui-et shad-ows fall-ing, soft-ly come and soft-ly go,—
Tho' I passed a-way in si-lence, left you lone-ly, set you free,

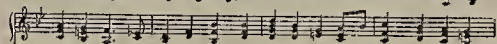
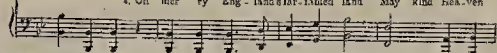
Agitato
When the winds are sob-bing faint-ly with a gen-tle, un-known woe,—
For my heart was crushed with long-ing, what had been could nev-er be.

con anima
Will you think of me and love me, As you did once long a-go?
It was best to leave you thus, dear, Rest for you and best for me,—

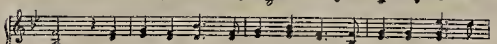
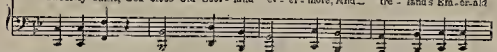
The Maple Leaf for ever.



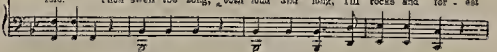
1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe the doun-less
2. At Queens-top Heights and Lun-dy's Lene, Our brave fa-ther,
3. Our fair Do-main - ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to
4. On mer-ry Eng-land's far-famed land May kind Hea-ven



he-ro come, And plant-ed firm Bri-tain's flag, On Ca-na-da's fair do-
side by side, For free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Fir-mly stood and no-bly
Nect-er Sound; May peace for ev-er be our lot, And plen-teous store a-
sweet-ly smile; God bless Old Scot-land ev-er more, And fre-land's Em-erald



main. Here may it wave, our boast, our guide, And joined in love to
died; And those dear sights which they main-tained, We swear to yield them
bound: And may those isles of love be ours Which dis-cord can-not
Isle! Then swell the song, both loud and long, Till rocks and for-est



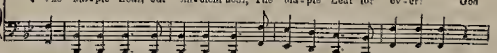
gether: Tho' This-tle, Shamrock, Rose en-twine The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
sever! Our watchword ev-er more shall be, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
sover And flour-ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
quiver God save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!



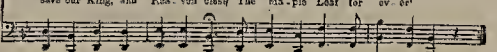
CHORUS.



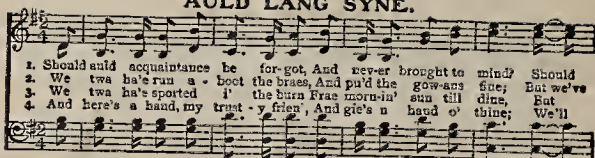
1. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God
2. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God
3. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! And
4. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God



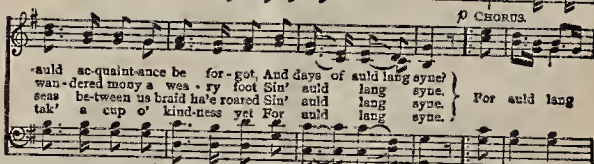
save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
flour-ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!



AULD LANG SYNE.

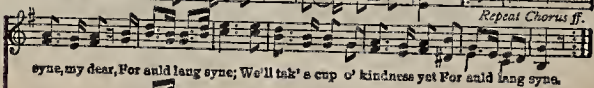


1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And never brought to mind? Should
 2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans sune; But we've
 3. We twa ha'e sported i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun till dune, But
 4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll

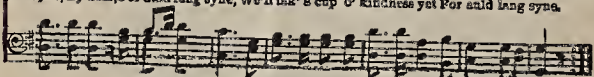


ould ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne;
 wan-dered mony a wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
 seas be-tween us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
 tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

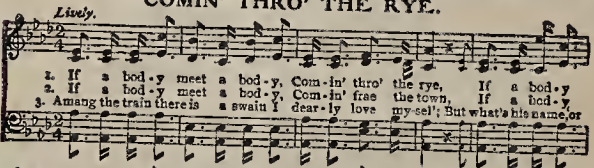
CHORUS



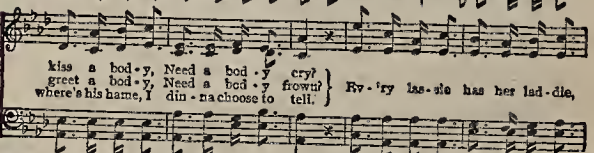
Repeat Chorus *sf.*
 syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne.



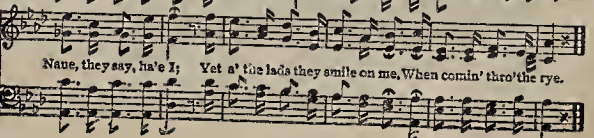
COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.



Lively.
 1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod-y
 2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y
 3. Among the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my-self; But what's his name, or



kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry?
 greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown?
 where's his name, I din-na choose to tell. } Ry-ry las-sie has her lad-die,



Naue, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro' the rye.

Sweet and Low.

3

pp Larghetto.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea;
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea;
Rest, rest, on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

mf
O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the
O - ver the ver the wa - ters go, Come.....
Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver
Fa - ther ther will come to his babe, Sil - ver

dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,
from the moon and blow,
sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon
sails out of the west,

p *Rall. e dim.* *pp*
While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.....
Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.....

JUANITA—Con.

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - tai Jua - ni - tai Lean thou on my heart
Let me dis - gar by thy side! Ni - tai Jua - ni - tai Be my own fair bride!

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

1. Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
2. And smother the trust that still were mine, Tho' storm-y winds sweep o'er the brine,

Se - cure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
Or tho' the tem-pes't's fier - y breath, Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death, -

I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall;
In o - cean cave still safe with Thee, The gains of im - mor - tal - i - ty;

And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep;

And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

9

1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in you are deeps, Hide, hide your
 2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down you west-ern steep, Sink, sink in
 3. Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her, her lov-er keeps Watch while, in

gold-en light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
 sil-ver light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
 alum-bers light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

1. Way down up-on de Swa-nee riv-er, Far, far a-way,
 All up and down de whole are a-tion, Sad-ly I roam,
 2. When I was play-ing with my breth-er, When I was young;
 3. When I was lit-tle but a-run-ning de bush-es, One that I love;
 When will I see de bees a-bum-ming All round de comb?

Fine.

Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing ev-er, Dere's wha de old folks at stay.
 Still long-ing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
 Den man-y hap-py days I a-quan-dored, Man-y de songs I sung.
 Oh! take me to my kind old moth-er, There let me live and die.
 Still sad-ly to my mem-ry runn-es, No mat-ter where I rove.
 When will I hear de ban-jo turn-ming, Down in my good old home?

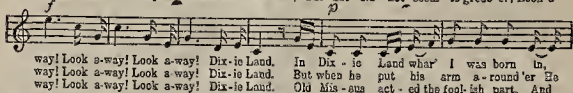
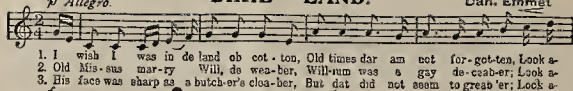
D.S.—Oh! darkies, how my heart grows wear-y, Far from de old folks at home.
 REFRAIN.

D.S.

All de world is sad and drear-y, Ev-ry-where I roam;

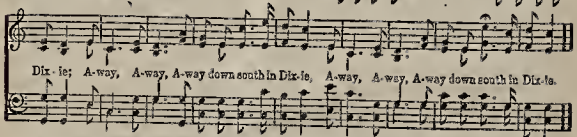
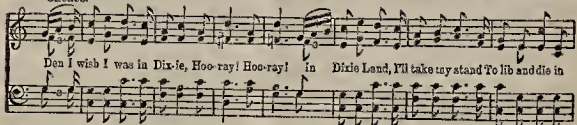
*Allegro.***DIXIE LAND.**

Dan. Emmet



Far-ly on one frost-y mornin', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
 smiled as fierce as a for-ty pounder, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
 died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.

CHORUS.

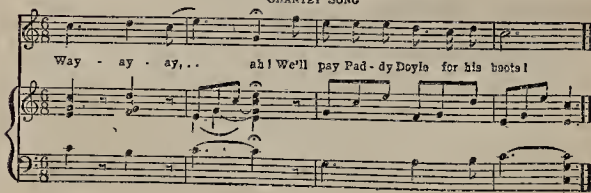


4 Now here's a health to the next old Miasus.
 And all de gals dat want to kiss us:
 Look away! etc.
 But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
 Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
 Look away! etc.

6 Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' Ingon' better,
 Makes you fat or a little fatter
 Look away! etc.
 Den hoe it down an' scratch your grapple,
 To Dixie's land it's bound to trubble,
 Look away! etc.

We'll Pay Paddy Doyle

CHANTEY SONG



Bridal Chorus, from Lohengrin

RICHARD WAGNER 15

Andante

mf Guid-ed by us, thrice hap-py pair, En-ter this door-way, 'tis love that in-vites;

All that is brave, all that is fair, Love now tri-umph-ant for-ev-er u-nites.

Cham-pion of vir-tue, bold-ly ad-vance, Flow'r of all beau-ty, gen-tly ad-vance;

f Now the loud mirth of rev-'ling is en-d-ed, Night, bring-ing peace and bliss, has de-

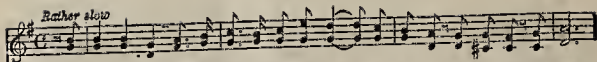
D.C. scend-ed. Fann'd by the breath of hap-pi-ness, rest, Clos'd to the world, by love en-ly blest!

2 umph-ant for ev-er u-nites, for-ev-er u-nites.

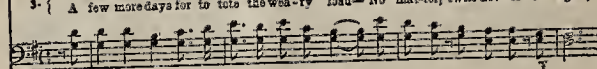
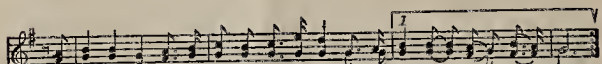
My Old Kentucky Home

S. C. Foster

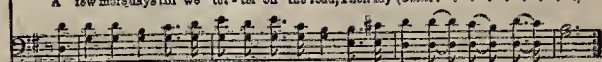
Rather slow




1. The sunshines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay;
 2. The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in door, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright;
 3. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill and the shore;
 4. The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With eor-row where all was de-light;
 5. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-ey may go;
 6. A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load— No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light;


The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the day.
 By'm-by hard times comes a knock-ing at the door, Then my (Omit.)
 They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door.
 The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my (Omit.)
 A few more days, and the tron-ble all will end, In the field where the sugar-canes grow;
 A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my (Omit.)



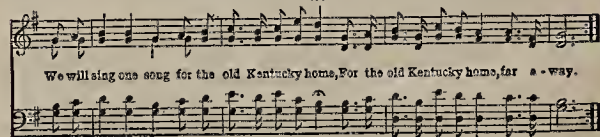
CHORUS



old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night! Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day!

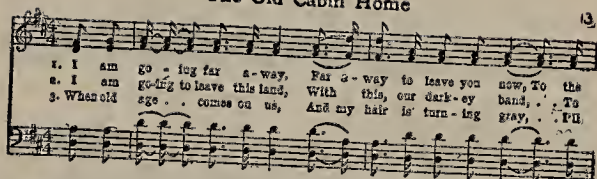


We will sing one song for the old Ken-tucky home, For the old Ken-tucky home, far a-way.

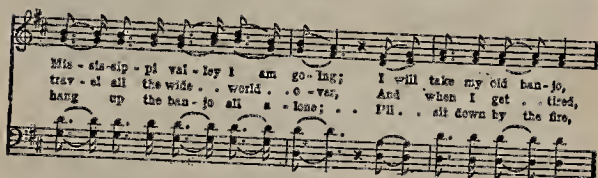


The Old Cabin Home

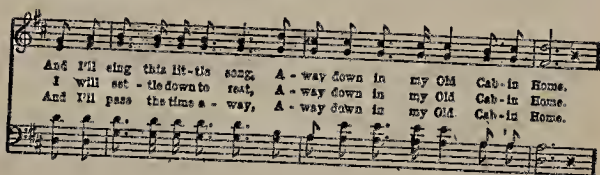
13



1. I am go - ing far a - way, Far a - way to leave you now, To the
 a. I am go - ing to leave this land, With this, our dark - ey band, . . . To
 g. When old age . . . comes on us, And my hair is turn - ing gray, . . . PH.

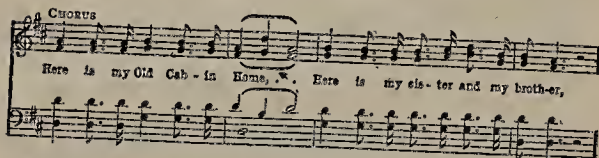


His - sis - ter - pi - val - ley I am go - ing; I will take my old ban - jo,
 trav - el all the wide . . . world . . . e - ver, And when I get . . . tired,
 hang up the ban - jo all a - lone; . . . PH. . . all down by the fire,

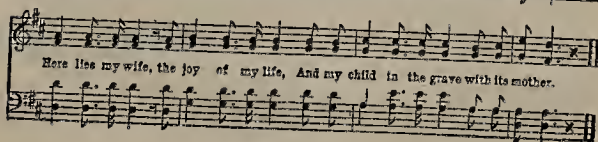


And I'll sing this lit - tle song, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.
 I will set - tle down to rest, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.
 And I'll pass the time a - way, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.

CHORUS



Here is my Old Cab - in Home, . . . Here is my sis - ter and my broth - er,



Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its mother.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom-ing a - lone;
 All her love-ly com-pan-ions Are fad-ed and gone; No flow-er of her kindred,
 2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem;
 Since the love-ly are sleep-ing, Go sleep thou with them; Thus kindly I scat-ter
 3. So soon may I fol-low, When friend-ships de-cay,
 And from love's shinning cir-cle The gems drop a-way; When true hearts lie withered

No rose-bud is nigh, To re-lect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.
 Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent-less and dead.
 And fond ones have flown, Oh, who would in-hab- it This bleak world a-lone!

MY BONNIE.

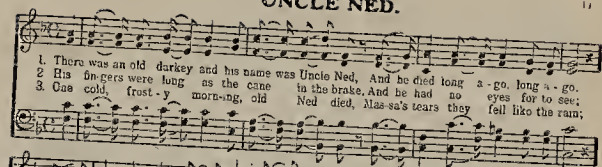
1. My Bon-nie is o-ver the o - cean, My Bon-nie is o-ver the sea, My Bon-nie is
 2. O blow, ye winds, o-ver the o - cean, And blow, ye winds, o-ver the sea, O blow, ye winds,
 3. Last night as I lay on my pil-low, Last night as I lay on my bed, Last night as I
 4. The winds have blown over the o - cean, The winds have blown over the sea, The winds have blown

o-ver the o - cean, O bring back my Bon-nie to me.
 o-ver the o - cean, And bring back my Bon-nie to me.
 lay on my pil-low, I dream'd that my Bon-nie was dead, } Bring back, Bring Back,
 o-ver the o - cean, And hro't back my Bon-nie to me.

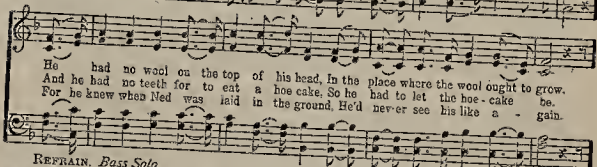
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me; Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bonnie to me.

UNCLE NED.

11



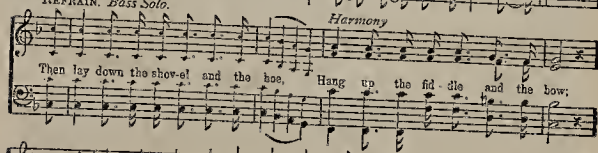
1. There was an old darkey and his name was Uncle Ned, And he died long a-go, long a-go.
 2. His fingers were long as the cane in the brake, And he had no eyes for to see;
 3. One cold, frost-y morn-ing, old Ned died, Mas-sa's tears they fell like the rain;



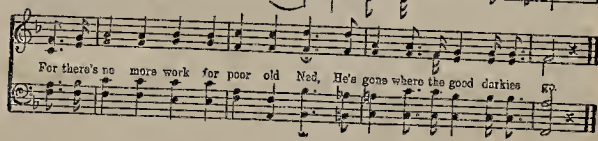
He had no wool on the top of his head, In the place where the wool ought to grow.
 And he had no teeth for to eat a hoe cake, So he had to let the hoe-cake be.
 For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground, He'd never see his like a - gain.

REFRAIN. *Bass Solo.*

Harmony



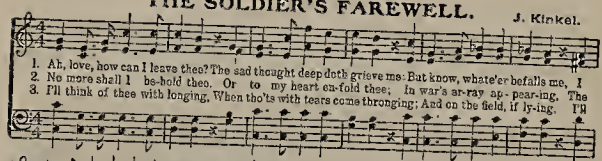
Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow;



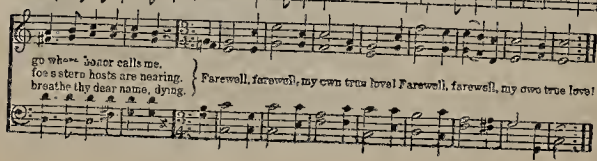
For there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies go.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

J. Kinkel.



1. Ah, love, how can I leave thee? The sad thought deep doth grieve me: But know, what-e'er befalls me, I
 2. No more shall I be-hold thee. Or to my heart en-fold thee; In war's ar-ray ap-pear-ing. The
 3. I'll think of thee with long-ing, When tho'ts with tears come throng-ing; And on the field, if ly-ing, I'll



go where Honor calls me.
 for s stern hosts are near-ing. } Farewell, farewell, my own true love! Farewell, farewell, my own true love!
 breathe thy dear name, dy-ing.

Lead, Kindly Light.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' en-cir-ling gloom, * Lead Thou me on! The night is
 I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on: I loved to
 So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar-lish
 fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see..... The dis-tant ec-cle; one step is - nough for me.
 day, and, spite of fears,.... Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
 an-gel fa-cies smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

The Blue-Bells of Scotland.

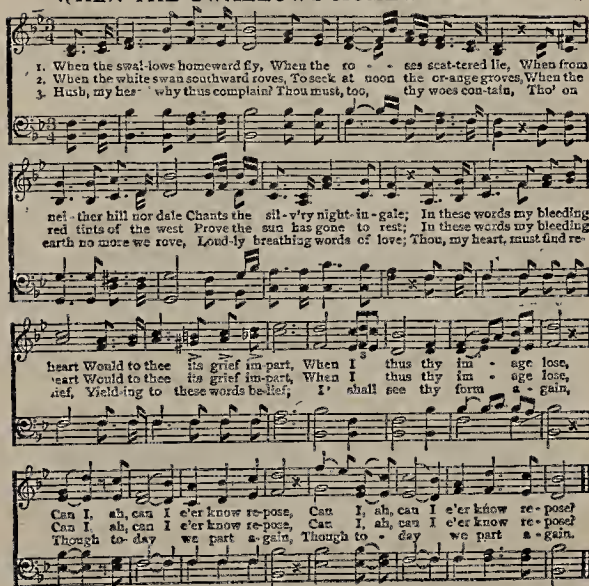
1. O where, and O where is your High-land lad - die gone? O where, and O
 2. O where, and O where does your High-land lad - die dwell? O where, and O
 3. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High-land lad should die? Sup - pose, and sup -

where is your High-land lad - die gone? He's gone to fight the foe, for King
 where does your High-land lad - die dwell? He dwelt in oer-ry Scot - land, at the
 pose that your High-land lad should die? The bag-pipe shall play o'er him, and I'd

George up - on the throne; And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!
 sign of the Blue-Bell; And it's oh! in my heart that I move my lad - die well.
 lay me down and cry; But it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

17



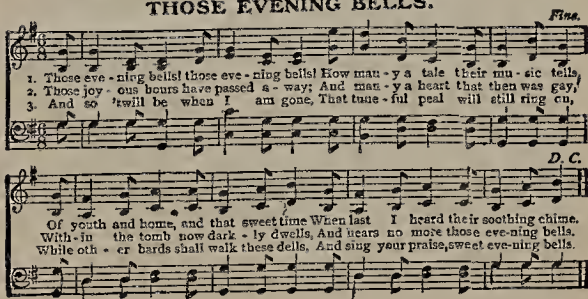
1. When the swal-lows homeward fly, When the ro - ses scat-tered lie, When from
 2. When the white swan southward roves, To seek at noon the or-ange groves, When the
 3. Hush, my heart why thus complain! Thou must, too, thy woes con-tain, Tho' on

neither hill nor dale Chants the sil-v'ry night-in-gale; In these words my bleeding
 red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest; In these words my bleeding
 earth no more we rove, Loud-ly breathing words of love; Thou, my heart, must find re-

heart Would to thee its grief im-part, When I thus thy im-age lose,
 heart Would to thee its grief im-part, When I thus thy im-age lose,
 self, Yielding to these words belief; I shall see thy form a-gain,

Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-poss, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-possel
 Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-poss, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-possel
 Though to-day we part a-gain, Though to-day we part a-gain.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.



Fine.

1. Those eve-ning bells! those eve-ning bells! How man-y a tale their mu-sic tells,
 2. Those joy-ous hours have passed a-way; And man-y a heart that then was gay,
 3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That true-ful peal will still ring on,

D. C.

Of youth and home, and that sweet time When last I heard their soothing chime.
 With-in the tomb now dark-ly dwells, And hears no more those eve-ning bells.
 While oth-er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet eve-ning bells.

THE FLAG WE LOVE

1. We are bear - ing the flag of the red, white, and blue. As in
 2. With the hos - ers of war - fare and strife brave - ly won, It has
 3. March - ing on, march - ing on, with our face to the foe, May we
 fel - low - ship we stand; Ta - our loved, Un - ion Jack we will
 waved o'er land and sea; And tho' bat - tled and scarred, still it
 ne'er like cow - ards move; Truth and jus - tice a - head to re
 ev - er be true, Glori - ous Gen - eral our 'Land
 sails proud - ly on, 'Tis the 'bass - net 'of the 'fret
 pel ex - ry blew, 'Tis God will shield the flag we love!

HOME, SWEET HOME.

John Howard Payne.

H. R. Bishop.

1. Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
 2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the dew - y wild, And feel that my
 3. As ex - ile from home splen - dor dis - sies in vain, Oh, give me
 hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to dwell - low as there,
 moth - er now thinks of her child, As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage door,
 dew - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gay - ly, that came at my call,
 FINE REFRAIN. D. S.
 Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else - where,
 Thro' the wood - bins whose fragrance shall cheer me no more,
 Give me them, and that peace of mind dear - er than all. } Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 D. S. — There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

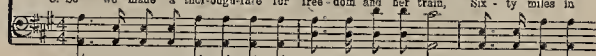
23

H. C. W.

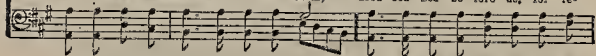
H. C. Work.



1. Bring the good old hu - gle, boys! we'll sing an - oth - er song— Sing it with a
2. How the dark - ies shout-ed when they heard the joy - ful sound! How the tur - keys
3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears, When they saw the
4. "Sherman's dash-ing Yan-kee boys will nav - er reach the coast?" So the sau - cy
5. So we made a thor-ough-fare for free - dom and her train, Six - ty miles in

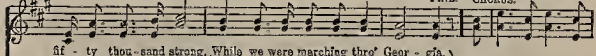


spir - it that will start the world a - long, Sing it as we used to sing it,
 gob - bled which our com - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet pe - ta - toes e - ven
 hon - ored flag they had not seen for years; Hard - ly could they be restrained from
 reb - els said, and 'twas a hand - some boast, Had they not for - got, a - las, to
 lat - i - tude—three hun - dred to the main; Treas - on fed be - fore us, for re -

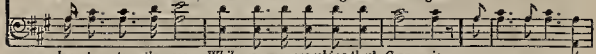


D. S. — So we sang the cho - rus from At -

FINE. CHORUS.

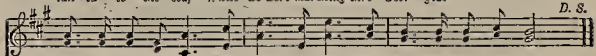


af - ty thou - sand strong, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia. }
 start-ed from the ground, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia. } Hur - rah! hur - rah! we
 breaking forth in cheers, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia. }
 reck - on with the host, While we were marching thro' Geor - gis. }
 sis - tance was in vain, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia. }



lan - ta - to the sea, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.

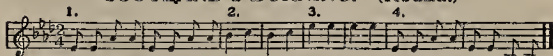
D. S.



bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!



SCOTLAND'S BURNING. (Round.)



Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning, Look out, look out! Fire, fire, fire, fire! Pour on water, Pour on water.

O CANADA!

Words by Augustus Bridle
Maestoso

Melody by G. Lavallée
Arranged by J. Christopher Marks

PIANO



1. O Can-a - dal thy
2. O Can-a - dal thy
3. O Can-a - dal thy
4. O Can-a - dal our

2000 rit. *f* tempo

voice goes o'er the sea, Home of the brave and
flag of old were free, Brave Un-ion Jack and
camp and smoke and tree, Stern voy-a-gours went
words and works shall be In days to come for

mp

land of Rib - er - ry; In their bargues of old by the fog and foam Thy
gal-lant Fleur - de - Lis. For God and right by truth and might Our
forth for love of thee: Thy riv-ers betwixt they track'd of old Tho'
right and truth and thee: From bound to bound by field and foam in

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dim. *cresc.*

sea-men or'd the wave; On crest and o'rag they flung the flag, For the
 to there fought and fell; From ere to son this pray'r shall run. O —
 for est flood and foam; O'er seas of land by mountains grand, They
 hand and heart we bring This song of old from fa-ther's held. Long

dim. *cresc.*

right, the free and brave
 guard this gear-don well
 reard the north-man's home
 live our no-bis King

1-4 O Oar a dal.

cresc.

By field and fern — God save this glo-rious land where 'er we may

cresc. *dim.*

tr. 2. a 3. *rit.*

reamp! O land of lib-er-ty! the north-man's home

ff *rit.* *tempo*

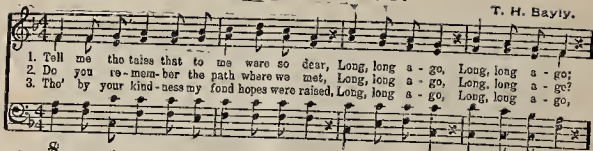
fff. *molto rit.*

O land of lib-er-ty! the north-man's home.

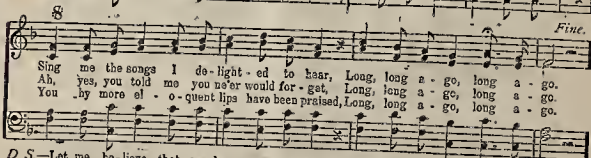
fff *colla voce*

LONG, LONG AGO.

T. H. Bayly.

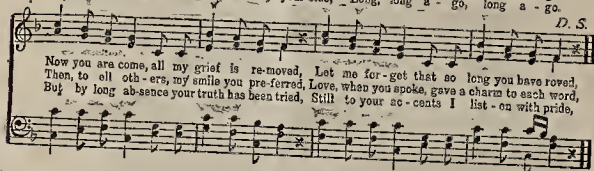


1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;
 2. Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;
 3. Tho' by your kind-ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go,



8
 Sing me the songs I de-light-ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for-get, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 You by more elo-quent lips have been praised, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

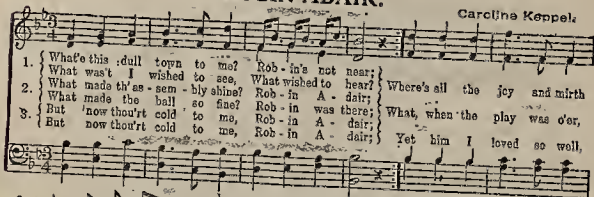
D. S.—Let me be-lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 D. S.—Still my heart treas-ures the prais-es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 D. S.—Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a - go.



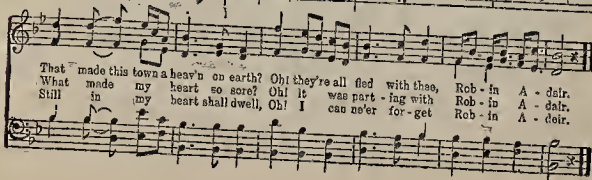
D. S.
 Now you are come, all my grief is re-moved, Let me for-get that so long you have roved,
 Then, to all oth-ers, my smile you pre-ferred, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
 But by long ab-sence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac-cents I list-on with pride,

ROBIN ADAIR.

Caroline Kennel.



1. { What's this dull town to me? Rob-in's not near; }
 2. { What was't I wished to see, What wished to hear? } Where's all the joy and mirth
 3. { What made th'as-sembly shiver? Rob-in A-dair; }
 3. { But 'now thou'rt cold to me, Rob-in A-dair; } What, when the play was o'er,
 3. { But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob-in A-dair; } Yet him I loved so well,



That made this town a heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob-in A-dair.
 What made my heart so sore? Oh! it was part-ing with Rob-in A-dair.
 Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh! I can ne'er for-get Rob-in A-dair.

19

1. O Col-um-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free, The
2. When war-winged he wide-de-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form, The
3. The star-spangled banner bring hither, O'er Col-um-bia's true sons let it wave; May the

shrine of each pa-triot's de-votion, A world-of-ers hom-age to thee, Thy
ark then of freedom's foun-da-tion, Col-um-bia, rode safe thro' the storm: With the
wreaths they have won never with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave: May the

mandates make he-roes as-sam-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view; Thy
gar-lands of vic-tory a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew; With her
ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true; The

ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-bles, When borne by the red, white and blue; When
flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue; The
ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue; Three

borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The

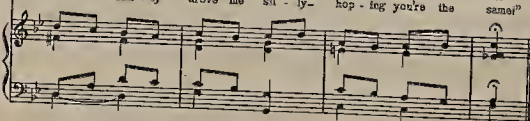
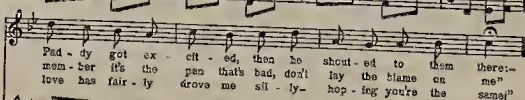
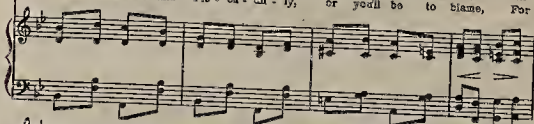
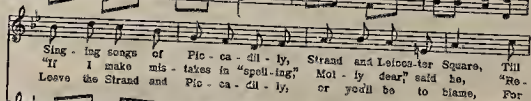
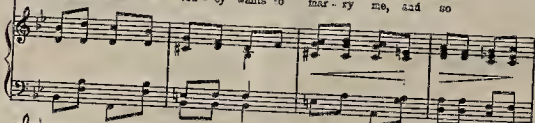
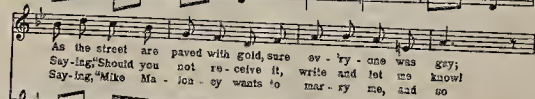
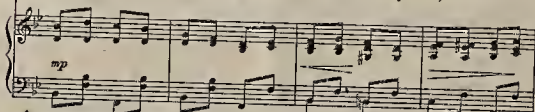
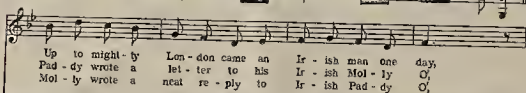
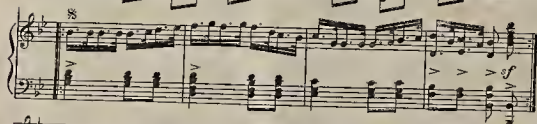
ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-bles, When borne by the red, white and blue, blue
flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, blue
ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, blue

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary."

Piano

f Allegro con spirito

JACK JUDGE & HARRY WILLIAMS



It's a long way to Tip-per-ar-y.

It's a long way to Ke; It's a

long way to Tip-per-ar-y. To the

sweet-est girl I know!

Good-bye. Pic-ca-dil-ly.

Fare-well. Leices-ter Square. It's a long, long

way to Tip-per-ar-y. But my heart's right

there! "It's a there!" D.C. %.

MY MARYLAND.

Jas. R. Randall.

1. The des-pot's heel is on thy shore, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! His torch is at thy
 2. Hark to an ex - illed son's ap-pel, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! My Muth - er State, to
 3. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! Thy gleaming sword shall

tem - ple door, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! A - venge the pa - tri - ot - is gore That
 thou I kneel! Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy
 nev - er rust. Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! Re - mem - ber Car - roll's as - cred trust, Re -

flecked the streets of Bal - ti-more, And be the bat - tle-queen of yore, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land!
 peer - less chiv - al - ry re-veal, And gird thy heauteous limbs with steel, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land!
 mem - ber Howard's war-like thrust, And all thy slumb'ers with the just, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land!

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES.

1. Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! Good night, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.
 2. Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.
 3. Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.

Mer - ri - ly we roll along, Roll a-long, roll a-long, Mer - ri - ly we roll along, Over the dark blue sea.

THREE BLIND MICE. (Round.)

1. 2. 3.

Three blind mice, Three blind mice, See how they run, See how they run! They all ran after the farmer's wife,
 4.
 She cut off their tails with a carving knife; Did ever you see such a thing in your life, As three blind mice!

OLD BLACK JOE.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay, Gone are my friends from the
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The chil-dren so dear that I

cot-ton-fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land, I know,
 friends come not a-gain? Grief-ing for forms now de-part-ed long a-go,
 held up-on my knee! Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,

CHORUS.

I hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!" I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my
 head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"

Three Little Kittens

TENORS


1, 2, 3. Once upon a time there were three little kittens who lay in a basket of saw-saw-dust;
 BASSES

After last stanza

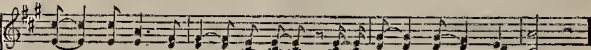
Said the { first } little kitten un-to the { other two } { If you don't get } I must! That's all.
 { second } little cats, { little cats, } { out of this, then }

We're Tenting To-Night

WALTER KITTREDGE




1 We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our
 2 We've been tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the
 3 We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Ma-ny are dead and gone, Of the
 4 We've been fight-ing to-day on the old camp ground, Ma-ny are ly-ing near;

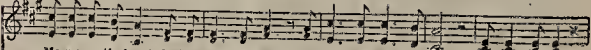


wea-ry hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
 loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good-bye!"
 brave and true who've left their homes, Others been wound-ed long.
 Some are dead and some are dying, Ma-ny are in tears.

CHORUS

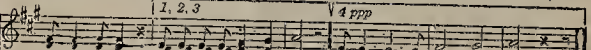


Ma-ny are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease;



Ma-ny are the hearts looking for the light, To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night,
 Last verse. — Dy-ing to-night,

1, 2, 3 *ppp*



Tent-ing to-night, tent-ing on the old camp ground.
 Dy-ing to-night, (Omit.) Dy-ing on the old camp ground.

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

1. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gently, I'll sing thee a
 2. How loft-y, sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-bor-ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es of
 3. Thy crys-tal stream, Af-ton, how love-ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my

song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a - sleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet
 clear-winding rills! There dai-ly I wan-der, as morn-ings high, My flocks and my
 Ma-ry re-sides! How wan-ton thy wa-ters her snow-y feet lave, As, gath'ring sweet

Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose ech-o re-sounds from the
 Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas-ant thy banks and green val-leys be-
 flow'rs, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green

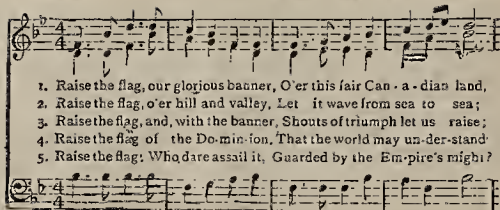
hill, Ye wild whistling black-birds in yon thorn-y dell, Thou green-crest-ed
 low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim-ros-es blow! There oft, as mild
 braes, Flow gen-tly, sweet riv-er, the theme of my lays: My Ma-ry's a -

lap-wing, thy screaming for-bear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair,
 eve-ning creeps o-ver the lea, The sweet-scented birk shades my Ma-ry and me,
 sleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

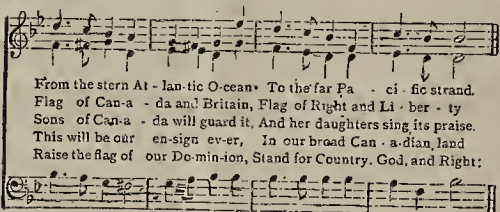
RAISE THE FLAG.

Moderato.

Words and Music by E. G. NELSON.

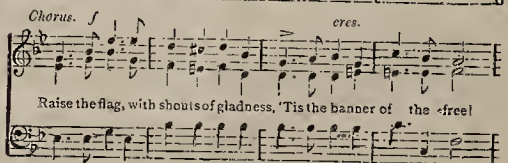


1. Raise the flag, our glorious banner, O'er this fair Can - a - dian land,
 2. Raise the flag, o'er hill and valley, Let it wave from sea to sea;
 3. Raise the flag, and, with the banner, Shouts of triumph let us raise;
 4. Raise the flag of the Do-min-ion, That the world may under-stand
 5. Raise the flag: Who dare assail it, Guarded by the Em-pire's might?



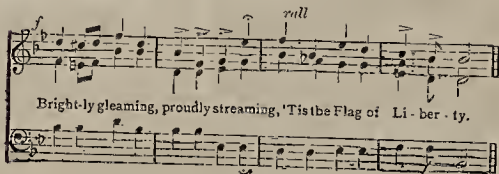
From the stern At-lan-tic O-cean To the far Pa-ci-fic strand.
 Flag of Can-a-da and Britain, Flag of Right and Li-ber-ty
 Sons of Can-a-da will guard it, And her daughters sing its praise.
 This will be our en-sign ever, In our broad Can-a-dian land
 Raise the flag of our Do-min-ion, Stand for Country, God, and Right;

Chorus. f *cres.*



Raise the flag, with shouts of gladness, 'Tis the banner of the free!

f *rill*



Bright-ly gleaming, proudly streaming, 'Tis the Flag of Li-ber-ty.

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye hercest heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in
 2. Im-mor-tal pa-triots! rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore; Let no rude foe with
 3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Wash-ing-ton's great name Ring thro' the world with
 4. Be-hold the Chief who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands, The rock on which the

Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free-dom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-
 im-pious hand, Let no rude foe with im-pious hand, In-vade the shrine where sac-red lies, 'Of
 loud ap-plause, Ring thro' the world with loud ap-plause; Let ev-'ry clime to free-dom dear
 storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat; But armed in vir-tue, firm and true, His

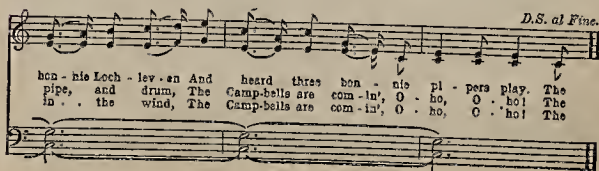
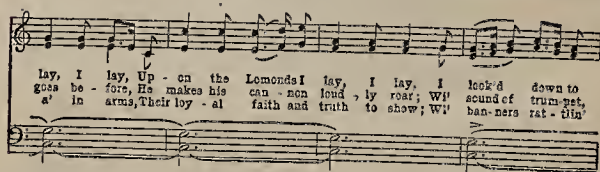
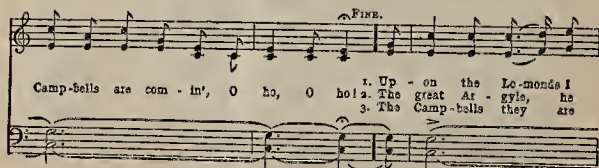
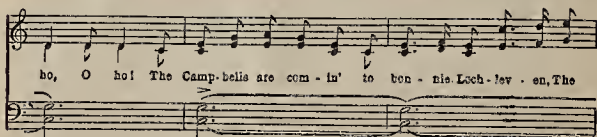
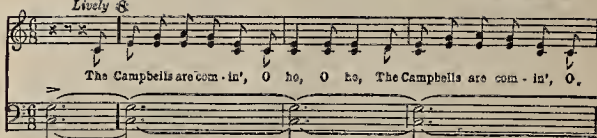
joyed the peace your val-or won. Let in-de-pend-ence be our boast, Ev-er-mind-ful
 toil and blood the well-earned prize. While off'ring peace, sin-cere and just, in heav'n we place a
 Lis-ten with a joy-ful ear. With e-qual skill, with God-like pow'r, He gov-erns in the
 hopes are fixed on heav'n and you. When hope was sink-ing in dis-may, When gloom obscured Co-

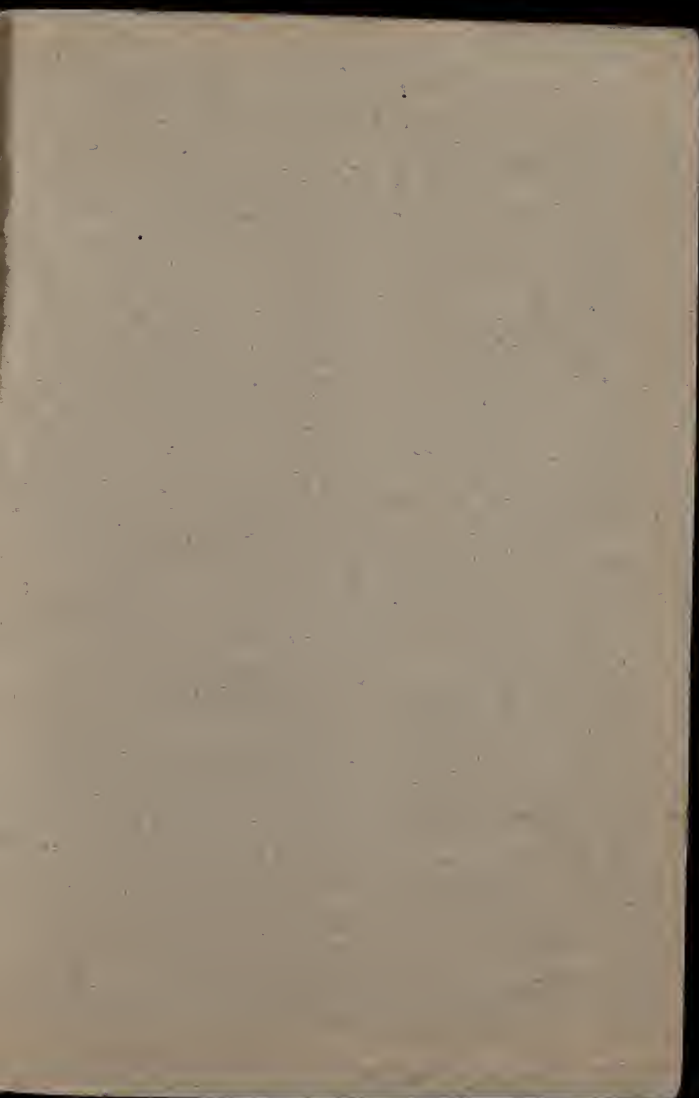
CHORUS.
 what it cost; Ev-er grate-ful for the prize. Let its al-tar reach the skies,
 man-ly trust, That Truth and Justice will prevail, And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail.
 fear-ful hour Of horrid war; or guides with ease The hap-pier times of non-est peace. } Firm, u-ni-ted,
 humbly a day, His steady mind, from changes free, Resolved on death or lib-er-ty.

let us be, Rallying round our liberty; As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safety we shall find.

The Campbells are Coming

Old Scotch Air

Lively &



82560